EDITORIAL SECTION

POLITICS. ART. SCIENCE. LITERATURE.

The Men Who Will Fight for England.

By Lord Charles Beresford.

IN VIEW of the loyal offers of troops for South Africa made by Australasia, Canada, and other British colonies, and of the probability that all such offers of a practical character will be cordially accepted, as that of Canada has, it is interesting to know the nature and the number of the local troops from which the contingents for active service will be drawn.

In Canada, where the leader of the Opposition has given the public assurance that a proposal on the part of the Government to equip and dispatch a corps of 1,250 men for service in South Africa will meet with unqualified support, the local forces consist of a body known as the Canadian Militia. This body, of which the constitution is governed by the Canadian Militia Act of 1886, is under the immediate command of a major-general of the British army. It is properly divided into three sections—namely, the permanent militia, the active militia and the reserve militia. The first section, having a strength of only 865, remains permanently with the colors and forms the nucleus of the whole army.

The second section, or active militia, constitutes for practical purposes the available fighting force of Canada. It is 35,000 strong, but it does not remain permanently with the colors. The men receive drill and instructions in local camps and are called out once a year for training for a period, which, on the showing of Major-General Hutton, in an able and interesting report published last year, is too short to satisfy the requirements of military efficiency. The material of this army is, however, held to be excellent. The third section of the Canadian army consists of the entire male population between the ages of eighteen and sixty, the Constitution of the Dominion permitting a general call to arms if required for the defence of the country. The Canadian forces include thirteen batteries of garrison artillery and seventeen field batteries. There are also two companies of engineers and thirty-eight squadrons of cavalry.

In Australia the Colonial Governments have requested the military commandants of the six colonies to forestall the results of federation by meeting together to prepare a scheme for the organization of a combined force for service with the imperial army in South Africa. Of the forces from which such a contingent would be drawn, the Queensland military force on June 30, 1898, which is the latest date for which a return is at present available in this country, was 2,448 men, 181 officers and 685 horses of the defence force, including volunteers, with an additional 1,794 men of the rifle clubs and police force, who are liable to be called out for military service. The Queensland forces, exclusive of the rifle clubs and police force, are divided, like the Canadian, into three sections. There is first the permanent artillery, secondly the militia, and thirdly the volunteers.

Of these, the permanent artillery, which is a very small force, is fully paid; the militia is partially paid and called out, like the Canadian militia, for annual training, besides receiving drill and instruction during the year; the volunteers are unpaid. The permanent artillery, which is regarded as a very efficient, but undermanned and overworked, body, supplies a nucleus of training for the whole army. It is urgently recommended by the commandant of the Queensland forces, Major-General Hower Gunter, that this force should be increased in numbers. Financial considerations alone have hitherto prevented the increase from being made. The militia includes field and garrison artillery, mounted infantry, infantry engineers and medical staff corps.

The contribution which Queensland, acting alone, proposed to make to the imperial forces for South Africa would have consisted of 250 mounted infantry, fully equipped, including horses. The splendid quality of these troops was fully recognized on the occasion of their visit to England for the Diamond Jubilee of 1897. General Howel Gunter's last report speaks of their drill and instruction as having been specially thorough during the year, and mentions that in the returns of musketry training 100 per cent attained the standard efficiency.

The New South Wales forces, like those of Queensland, are divided into permanent forces fully paid, militia partly paid and volunteers. The permanent forces include the headquarters staff, ordinance staff, permanent staff, and, besides these, a nucleus of artillery engineers, medical staff corps and army service corps. The total number, including officers and men, is 591. The partially paid forces include lancers, mounted rifles, field and garrison artillery, infantry, engineers, submarine miners, army service corps and medical staff corps—amounting in all to 4,280. With volunteers and rifle clubs the total military force of New South Wales reaches the number of 8,937.

The Victorian forces are divided into the usual three sections. The permanent forces are composed in much the same way as those of New South Wales and reach a total of all ranks of 393. The militia, which includes cavalry, horse artillery, field and garrison artillery, engineers, infantry, ambulance, commissariat and general staff, has a strength of 3,195. The volunteers, consisting of mounted rifles and Victorian Rangers, have a strength of 1,800, giving for the whole defensive force of Victoria a total of 5,388. In Victoria, as in New South Wales, special attention has been given to musketry training, and the infantry competition held at Ballarat last year was said to rival the best infantry competitions in any part of the world.

The local military force of South Australia is very small. It is divided into fixed defences and a field force. The fixed defences, which include two companies of garrison artillery for the forts erected at Glanville and Large Bay to protect the harbor of Adelaide, half a regiment of mounted rifles and two companies of infantry, have a nominal total war strength of 720 men, but in time of peace the mounted rifles and infantry exist only in name, and 165 men provide for the garrison of the forts. The field force, composed of mounted rifles, artillery and infantry, has a total strength in time of peace of 1,200 men.

Western Australia has a permanent artillery force, which was enrolled in 1893, three years after the colony had attained the dignity of responsible government, and a volunteer force. The volunteer force is not paid, and the total strength of both forces combined reaches in time of peace 800 men.

In Tasmania there are fixed defences and a volunteer force. The total strength of the volunteer corps is 1,779 officers and men.

In New Zealand, where a resolution to offer a fully equipped force of mounted rifles for service in South Africa was carried almost unanimously through the Legislative Assembly, a similar division of the forces is observed. The ports of Auckland, Wellington, Lyttelton and Dunedin are strongly fortified with batteries of artillery and defended by a complete system of submarine mines. A permanent force of artillery and engineers is maintained, numbering 250 men, and there are also local volunteers to the number of 4,117.

The combined forces of Australia, including the volunteers, reach a total of little more than 25,000 men, and of this number only about one-half are paid or partially paid. If we take the forces as a whole, the relative strength of the various arms is as follows: Staff and all arms not enumerated, 918; artillery, 4,193; engineers, 689; cavalry, 1,060; mounted rifles, 2,816; infantry, 15,835. It is from this body that the contingent to be sent by New Zealand and the combined colonies of Australia will be drawn. The entire military strength of Australasia falls, as will have been seen, considerably below that of Canada, and unless the other colonies were prepared to contribute in the generous proportion proposed by Queensland, the Australasian contingent could not be expected to reach the figure of 1,250 men suggested for Canada. Feeling, however, runs high in Australia upon the South African question; 1,800 men are reported to have volunteered for service in New South Wales and 1,500 in Victoria alone. It is clear that, if desired by the imperial authorities, a colonial contingent 50,000 strong could readily be formed.

The strength of the contingent offered and accepted is not, however, supremely important. Colonial assistance will be specially valued for the assurance which it carries of imperial unity of sentiment. That the sympathy and support of Canada should be offered by the Opposition to a Ministry relying largely upon the French-Canadian vote is in itself a speaking commentary upon the situation.

CHARLES BERESFORD.

The Talk of the Week.

By Edgar Saltus.

THE nautical news of the week has exceeded in interest the tidings from the Transvaal. That is quite as it should be. It is only unimportant things that are really momentous. What is the fate of a nation beside the fate of a cup? What, indeed! But that which has contributed most to our enjoyment is the suspicion that seven-tenths of those who excursioned about on the bay could not for the life of them tell the difference between a gaff and a spinnaker, a blue peter and a baby jib.

The average Greater New Yorker knows quite as much about a yacht race which he beholds through a Sporting Extra as he does about one which a field glass has enabled him to survey. Hence the interest and hence, too, the knowledge which has been so abundantly displayed. Ages ago Aristophanes produced a little comedy in which he demonstrated that every self-respecting man tries to appear less stupid than he looks. Aristophanes has been called a cynic. He did not invent human nature, however, and that has changed precious little since his day.

Here is another guitar. The immortality of the soul was once written up by a gentleman whose name escapes us—otherwise we would cite it—and forwarded, with stamp enclosed, to the editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes. The latter returned the invoice with the usual thanks for the privilege of reading it, etc., and a remark to the effect that the subject was not up to date. That was twenty years ago, and may have been forty. Recently a change has come. Immortality is one of the topics of the hour. It is in the air, in the newspapers, sometimes even in the pulpit. People discuss it with the same ease that they talk yachting, and with the same sapience, too. Yet that is but natural.

To gauge the future one must be able to grasp the past. They that are able, realize without effort the truth of the traditional tenet that this world is hell. Said the Founder of Christianity: "In this life ye shall have tribulation." And do we not? The best of men sup sorrow, and with a spoon tolerably long at that. There is not a joy from which a grief may not spring. The Christ added: "Ye must be born again." Now, certainly, when you come to think of it, much less astonishing is it to be born twice than it is to be born once. There is the real miracle. Beside it, regeneration is not, perhaps, precisely simple, yet credible enough. For, after all, why do we live, move and have our being on a planet which has been described as a vale of tears? To that question there can be but one answer. We are imprisoned here because of wrongs committed in anterior lives. There is the right reading of the doctrine of original sin. We do not suffer because of what Adam did, but because of what we ourselves have done. Hence the tenet, traditional and archaic, that this world is hell. Hence, too, the memory of a lost, yet recoverable, paradise which, since history opened, has haunted the mind of man.

That memory Moses took with him from Memphis. Orpheus trailed it through the mellow morns and languid dusks of Greece. The Druids held to it, so did the Aztecs, and so, also, did the Sioux. To races so unrelated that they were unaware of each other's existence, always that memory returned and in returning coerced and consoled.

Goya, Spain's most entertaining painter, drew a skeleton leaning with a leer from a tomb, and scrawling on it the one word, "Nada"—nothing. Strass, Feuerbach, Haeckel, the late Colonel Ingersoll and a number of other gentlemen whose names also escape us, otherwise we would cite them, too, followed suit. They are all sound logicians. But the heart has logic which logic does not know. And in the heart of every one not absolutely material there is an unstillable belief that, like a star, the soul within us "hath elsewhere had its setting and cometh from afar." The quotation may be inexactly given and probably is, it may seem pretty hackneyed, too, but at least it is to the point. On the other hand, it is unimaginatively alleged that a belief in immortality presupposes a belief in a deity, and that of that we have no evidence whatever. Perhaps we have not.

To go no further back than the last hundred thousand years, it is authoritatively suspected that, during that period, the earth has not once witnessed the conscious act of a Supreme Being. The suspicion may be correct. But, to borrow a convenient analogy, when a bacteriologist has arranged the preliminaries of an experiment which will take, let us say, a twelvemonth to complete, during that space of time he leaves his apparatus untouched. Meanwhile a billion microbes may have been generated in it. Granting now to those microbes the power of reason, readily might they deny the existence of a superior being. And during the period allotted to their observations the denial would possess all the force and flavor of logic. But at the end of the year, when the bacteriologist happened along, they would see that, barring figures, there is nothing so fallacious as facts.

To a system of computation superior to our own a hundred thousand years may be as brief as a twelvemonth; briefer, even, it may be an infinitesimal lapse of time. Perhaps then, as some one somewhere sagely stated, life is but a minute between two eternities—from one of which we have surely issued, and into the other of which we shall as surely pass.

Another topic of the hour, the divorce question, is a subject concerning which every one has a private opinion that is not always publicly expressed. That opinion varies according to the individual, according to temperament and conceptions of art. Aesthetically considered, divorce is an evidence of bad taste. Histrionically it is an advertisement, financially it is an extravagance, and socially it is a mishap. Once upon a time, particularly in Fifth avenue, it was quite modish. Of all shades of green, it was cut to and beho'd! What ladies of fashion wear, other ladies imitate. But imitation is flattery's most odious form. The mode, subsiding among the few, multiplies among the many. Today it is an uncivil proceeding. In the circumstances the query arises, Should it receive our sanction? Obviously the answer is, No; yet the obvious is always misleading.

In the abstract, matrimony is the ideal state, and the choice of a partner one of the most alluring pastimes which nature has devised. It beats golf, and knocks automobiling silly. In the concrete, however, it is just what we find it, and the choice of a partner may become an operation which has to be gone over three or four times before one really knows how. Experience teaches. Particularly that an angel who at twenty appeals may at thirty appall. Sometimes much sooner. People who have married at leisure often repent in great haste.

No man can be really acquainted with a lady unless she is his, and vice versa. In the process it will occur that they lose their illusions. But that is a matter of course. We all lose our illusions, and with them our umbrellas and our hair. Of the three, the umbrellas are most to be regretted, though that is beside the issue. The point is not to have illusions, to recognize that affections are like slippers, that they will wear out, and to realize that there must be a heaven, if for no other reason than that there is no marrying and giving in marriage there.

As for divorce, mere men and women may have their own ideas, but concerning it prelates are not yet agreed, and where they thus far have feared to enter it would be uneditorial to tread.

EDGAR SALTUS.

"Notes on Life" (A Posthumous Publication).

By Alphonse Daudet.

THE late Alphonse Daudet kept a notebook wherein he entered, under the heading, "Notes on Life," such thoughts as occurred to him which he deemed worth saving for future use. These notes have just been published in Paris by his widow, Julia A. Daudet, and a few selections are given herewith.

I COMPARE what we call philosophy with a minister's desk. Every new chief arranges the desk his own way—changes the papers and orders the regulations of the office. In other words, it is a work of classification, nothing more. He who has just gone out takes nothing with him, and he who has just come in brings nothing. We speak of ameliorations, of reforms. Do not believe it; it is a different classification—that is all. Every new great philosopher who urges us forward has only classified our ideas and arranged our ideas a little differently from his predecessor. Classification, arrangement, even derangement! Some, like Proudhon, tear up all the papers, throw the furniture out of the window, and there they stand in the middle of the office with nothing to sit down on.

There are singular minutes of absent mindedness, or of vision, perhaps, that come to all of us in life, during which all objects, ideas, things, persons, appear as if they were isolated, detached in time and space from life and its circumstances. At such moments as these certain words come to us with monstrous significance; two or three times in my life the word "death" has come to me like a great black hole thousands of leagues deep, to the bottom of which I would gladly have looked. At such times the people that we meet on the street seem indescribably comic—foolish souls running on foolish errands. We ourselves lose the sense of our own personality; we emerge from ourselves and look back upon ourselves at work. Once, the idea that I was Alphonse Daudet made me laugh heartily.

Heard a very funny thing. A comedian was telling how he had seen the sea blessed in Brittany. "You felt it first in your back, and then here, and then it affected you there, and then went into a corner and cried." (All that to say that he was moved.)

As they grow old the great artists, the conquerors of nations and of hearts, the most beautiful women, all of these triumphal personages are touched with ennui, with the melancholy of decline, which I shall tell some day.

When we are loved we ought to have nothing else to do.

Noon: 'Tis the critical hour of the day, thirty years old—'tis the critical age of woman; before noon no one can say whether the day will be beautiful or not. Before thirty years of age no one can say whether the woman will be honest.

When we want the nightingales to sing well we blind them. When God wants great poems he chooses two or three souls and sends them great sorrows.

The driest hearts are always the most inflammable.

Consoling some one; 'tis lending that you may get again.

Idea for an amusing comedy to be called "The House of the Neighbor." Some people pass their time criticising what is done in a neighboring house, and while they are criticising do exactly the same things.

Our Policy in the Philippines

By Chauncey M. Depew.

The following views of New York's junior Senator-elect were dictated by him to a representative of the Journal.

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY has said that expansion is not an issue, but a fact. I think President McKinley is right. It is a condition and not a theory that confronts us in the Philippines. When Dewey's guns silenced the forts at Cavite and destroyed Montojo's fleet the condition was established. There is no longer any theory about the island of Luzon. A people, come under the sovereignty of the United States, fairly promised free government and every liberty guaranteed by the Constitution under which we ourselves live, have declared war upon us. It is a war not of our own making. Those of the Filipinos in revolt did not wait to see whether we would keep faith. They foolishly took it for granted that we would not. They chose to believe that not McKinley, but Aguinaldo, spoke the truth. They preferred to follow the lead of a man who has every motive to take glory and power to himself rather than regenerate their country under the kind, strong arm of a great and invincible republic.

The Filipinos have cast their die. Even those who differ with me as to the primary causes of the strife now raging in those distant islands cannot deny the fact, the plain, ugly fact, that Aguinaldo and his men are up in arms, are aiming cannon at American regiments, are shooting rifles at American soldiers, are seeking, by all the arts of war, to destroy the prestige of American authority. This is the thing at which we must now look.

There is but one subject before the house. The single proposition is:

We must lick Aguinaldo.

When we do that we shall be ready to discuss all the theories involved in the case.

I do not care to discuss the Administration's conduct of the war. I am certain of one thing, however. I believe in American valor and in American genius. I have no doubt as to the outcome. Aguinaldo will be as thoroughly thrashed as was ever any "upriser" in the history of revolts. Who is there, "with soul so dead," who will not say that the 70,000 boys from the States will not soon push Aguinaldo off the island? Trust the President and his Cabinet to write one of the most glorious pages of our history before the Filipino book is written.

The attitude of the Democracy on the Filipino question is a hopeless one.

If Bryan were in the White House to-day could he stop the war? Would the people of the United States allow him to lower the standards of the Republic and order our soldiers to quit the Philippines?

What could Bryan do that McKinley is not doing? What could Bryan even try to do that McKinley is not seeking to bring about?

Bryan could only grant the Filipinos such self-government as they are able to establish. He could give them no more liberty than they are able to enjoy under our protectorate. He could not offer the Filipinos any proposition of self-government until at least they had laid down their arms. You can't offer a truce to a man who continues to beat you over the head. Bryan stands in an impossible attitude. He feeds the people on theories while bullets are flying. He cries peace, peace, when there is no peace.

McKinley is candid. He fits his promises to the facts. He is telling the American people the truth. He is the American spirit. Note what he said to the school children waving American flags the other day at Waukegan, Ill. He said:

"Some people say the President is carrying on an unholy war in the Philippines—an unholy war to uphold the holy banner of the free, which these children carry in their hands!"

That states the situation beautifully.

Bryan is a popular leader. He is urging a seemingly different policy from that of the Republican Administration with much adroitness.

But the tide is turning. President McKinley's speeches, given such wide publicity in the press of the country, are sweeping public opinion in his favor.

They are influencing, not only the people who hear them in the cities and villages through which he passed, but in every place in the nation where papers are read.

No public man in our history has done a more effective work than President McKinley on this tour.

How powerful has been his influence will not be seen until the people of the States he has visited, now in political conflict, have voted. Then it will be seen that his presence has strengthened the hearts and backbones of the citizens more than the words of all other campaigners combined.

The tour was a brilliant idea and it has been brilliantly executed. I care not to what party a man belongs, he cannot fail to be moved by the eloquent and stirring words of William McKinley.